And that no lawfull meanes can carrie mee
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his furie, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The verie tiranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo to,
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt houre of act, and then tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercie and remorſe more ſtrange,
Then is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty :
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
(VVhich is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh)
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue,
Forgiue a moity of the principall ;
Glancing an eie of pittie on his loſſes,
That haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe,
And plucke commiſſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborne Turkes, and Tartars neuer train'd
To offices of tender curteſie ;
VVe all expect a gentle anſwer Iew.
Iew. *I* haue poſſeſt your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfet of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Citties freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receiue

Three thouſand Ducats? Ile not anſwer that,
But ſay it is my humor, is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thouſand ducats
To haue it baind? what, are you anſwered yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pig :
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat :
And others when the Bagpipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes : now for your anſwere.
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſary Cat?
Why he a woollen Bagpipe; but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch ineuitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelfe being offended :
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodged hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſute againſt him ; are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the currant of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwere
Baſſ. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euery offence is not a hate at firſt.
Shy. What wouldſt thou haue a ſerpent ſting thee tv
Ant. I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew,
You may as well go ſtand vpon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
You may as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe :
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretten with the guſts of heauen :